repressed rage. I told Caspar that I thought Adam was often acting. He usually seemed calm, easy-going, even-tempered. I saw something else when I watched him for a few moments one afternoon in the kitchen when he thought no one was there. He looked devastated. Maybe as long as he felt someone was watching he was just acting. Caspar said he'd said the same thing.

I can just imagine the scene as Michael laid it on for manic Serge, shouting at long gone Peter to shut up, get out of his room and leave his stuff alone, beating his face with hands as fast as airplane propellers, making his cuts weep fresh tears. He too was an actor.

Serge did what he usually did, which was inconsistent with the national character. It also seemed inconsistent with his past, which Serge once told me was pure punk. Maybe he was pure phony.

Serge called the cops. They came but they were annoyed because there was nothing they could do. It was obvious. Serge asked Michael if he wanted them to take him to the hospital. He said no. That was just as well because the cops wouldn't have taken him anyway. It was illegal.

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Even when we weren't aware of having bugs, Babs patrolled